Northern Messenger

Rates Inside | MONTREAL, AUGUST 23, 1940. | 77th Year.

"For the Honour of the Clan"

By Emma Gary Wallace
For the Messenger

DUDLEY WEATHERBY stood to one side viewing with satisfaction the heavily-laden peach trees in in the orchard. No one around had any finer fruit than he or a more abundant crop. He knew that it would bring him a substantial sum of money. The thought gave him pleasure as the vision of incoming remittances and the thought of the new car he wanted flitted across his imagination.

"Hi there, Bruce," he called peremptorily to his younger brother by five years, "be careful what you're about! A bruised peach is a spoiled peach, and I can't afford to lose any of these beauties! You ought to use more care and common sense where you put your ladder."

"I'm doing the best I can," Bruce retorted spiritedly. "You've no reason for fault-finding. You know well enough I'm the best picker in the gang, and I've been picking since daybreak to get those crates ready for the fruit buyer!"

"Well, what of it," snapped Dudley. "Peaches have to be picked when they're ready, and getting up early once in a while will do you good!"

There was a sneer in Dudley Weatherby's voice which brought the hot red color to Bruce's face. The young fellow stepped cautiously down from the ladder he was on, took the few steps necessary, and faced his older brother.

"Look here, Dud," Bruce frowned emphatically, "it's high time you stopped speaking to me like that! I'm not going to stand for it. You know that you'll take every dollar this fruit brings in, and you're not paying me one cent for my work! I've as good a right to pay as the other pickers.

"Further than that, you know as well as I do, that in all justice half of this property you have come into ought to be mine. You've had a chance to take an advantage—and you've taken it! Maybe you think it's honest—but I don't and I want you to know it!"

"Oh yeah!" scoffed Dud. "So you're all set to crab about *that!* Grandfather Weatherby willed me this farm, lock, stock and barrel. You can't deny that! You weren't even born then. I wasn't to blame for that. Anyway he

"BRUCE THREW HIS CLOTHES INTO HIS SUITCASE AND SNAPPED IT SHUT."

could have changed his will later if he'd wanted to. Get back to your peach picking and stop trying to stir up a rumpus. You are jealous and greedy. Get going!"

* * * * *

BRUCE took no notice of his brother's order.

"I'll get back when I'm ready," he retorted. "I don't see that you appreciate what I've done already and what I'm doing all the time. So don't get nasty about it or I may quit you entirely. Here's one Weatherby who can't be driven, but he can be led by reason and fairness.

"What you say is partly true,—that Grandfather Weatherby willed you this fine property. It is further a fact that I wasn't born at the time and so was left out of *that* will. But as I've told you before, Dud—and as you know full well—Granddad wasn't satisfied after I was born and Dad died, about the way he had disposed of his holdings. He told Mother more than once that he had made a new will and divided the property between you and me, and once out in this orchard when the peach crop was ripe and fine as it is this year—I was a little fellow then—he turned to me and said,

"'Laddie, you and your brother Dudley are to have this big farm some day. Stand by each other. Even if things go a bit criss-cross sometimes, don't mind that. The two of you must pull together for the honor of the clan! The Weatherbys have never failed to rally round when anything threatened one of their number. The new will, Laddie, takes care of you'."

"Forget it," growled Dud sullenly. "I don't need to tell you that this other will—if he ever made one—couldn't be found. What are you trying to do—get Mother all stirred up about how her baby boy has been misused?"

Bruce reddened angrily.

"Mother is as distressed over the unfairness of this situation as she can be, but she can't do anything about it, and she's always saying, 'Blood is thicker than water—or money, Brucie. If I can help it, mere money isn't going to break up *this* family!'

"Just the same, Dud, it isn't right for you to grab everything and appoint yourself my boss in the bargain! The least you can do is to be civil and fair in your dealings with me. I'm no slave, remember that!"

* * *

DUDLEY WEATHERBY went white with fury. Bruce for a moment was sorry that he had taken this time to say what had been in his mind for some time.

"I've had enough of this!" the older brother bullied. "Mom owns the home across the road—and we've all lived there and have been comfortable, but either you or I will get out. If you have to hang on to her apron strings, go ahead and do it, and provide the living. I can get a room or two with the Clarys who rent the old Weatherby homestead of me. Or you can get out and I'll stand by Mom. I reckon I can do as much for her as you can! Take your choice!"

The color had drained from Bruce's face also. Without a word he turned, went through the peach orchard, crossed the road, and entered the rambling white house which had been home to him since he was born.

Bruce went directly upstairs to his room. As he saw it, there was only one thing to do and it was to take his departure as soon as possible. He knew that his mother had all she could do to make both ends meet, even with such help as Dud saw fit to give her—and to rob her of that would certainly be a tragedy.

Bruce threw such clothing as he expected to need into an old suit case and snapped it shut. Then he sat down by the open window a few minutes to think what to do next. A sob caught in his throat, for the seventeen-year-old youth didn't know which way to turn. He had only a few dollars—which he had made trapping in the winter time. Another year and he would have finished High School a mile distant in the village of Castleville.

* * *

UNDOUBTEDLY he had been foolish to raise the issue of pay for his work at this time, but still Bruce couldn't see why he wasn't entitled to either his leisure to earn money elsewhere, or some pay for the work he did on Dud's property.

On the little table beside him lay the Bible his mother had given him when he was seven years old. Every day from that time to this, he had read a few verses at least in it. Now life was going to be different. Had the reading, and the verses he had learned, really done him any good?

He took the Book up in his hands and it fell open so that his eyes rested on the verse:

"Seest thou a man diligent in his business? he shall stand before kings; he shall not stand before mean men."

A strange sense of comfort stole over him. He was young and strong, and he could be diligent and honest. His faith steadied itself in the wind which had shaken him and into which he was headed.

Suddenly he remembered that John Barry, the manager of the Hammond Airways Construction Company, had once said to him, "If you ever want a job, boy, let me know and perhaps I can place you. You have a keen mechanical sense all right."

This was the summer before, when Barry spent a couple of weeks with Mrs. Weatherby as a boarder, while he hunted and fished in the hills to the west, and the streams and lakes round about. Once afterwards when Bruce had taken a motor ride with a neighbor to Hammond which was some forty miles away, they had gone to the Airways Company Field, and Barry had received them cordially. Well, it would do no harm to try!

Bruce arose from his chair, unsnapped his suit case and slipped the Bible into one corner. Where he went, it must go with him. He set the suitcase into the closet, stole down the front stairway, closing the door into the kitchen so his mother would not hear, and went quietly out. At a near-by gas station, he put in a telephone call for John Barry at Hammond. Bruce was fortunate in soon hearing the voice of his friend.

"Come along," Barry decided without delay, "we can't promise you very high wages, but we'll give you a start. Come as soon as you can. We happen to be short-handed right now."

* * *

BRUCE retraced his steps and went directly around to the kitchen door. "Something great's happened, Mother," he informed her with forced cheerfulness. "I've got a job with the Hammond Airways Construction Company, thanks to Mr. Barry. If you can give me a quick lunch, I'll be able to catch the bus down at the Langdon Four Corners. The bus'll be along in about forty minutes."

Mrs. Weatherby had little time to say anything, for she was hurrying to and fro getting Bruce something to eat.

"Perhaps," she said slowly, as she watched this boy of hers disposing of sandwiches, creamy fresh milk, and a piece of peach pie, "perhaps it'll be better, Brucie, everything considered, but I hate to have you go."

Her voice trembled.

"I may be back soon," Bruce smiled. "Perhaps they'll find I'm no use and will not keep me. Just tell Dud when he comes in at noon that Mr. Barry wanted me at once so I had to go right along. The gang that's in the orchard can easily finish the peaches."

* * *

IF it hadn't been for the dull ache that would keep piercing the young fellow's heart, he would have been singularly happy in his new work, for he loved that sort of thing. Not once, but several times, he was able to make suggestions which Mr. Barry thought well enough of to put into practical operation. Even at that, Bruce was soon working on a special safety landing-device at his boarding house in his spare time. It would be great if he could really offer some improvement worth-while.

After a time, the young chap began to find his evenings somewhat lonely. The other men at the Airways Factory were mostly older men—many of them married. Bruce had found his place in the "Up and Coming Class" of the Elm Street Church, not far from where he lived, and while they were a fine bunch of fellows, Bruce was just a little shy as yet. He wasn't able to dress as well as most of them, and he sensed the fact that he had lacked many privileges which most of them had enjoyed as a matter of course.

Perhaps this was one thing that led him to register at Night School. It would be to his advantage he knew, if he could earn his High School diploma. Bruce made up his mind he would do it.

So what between the class activities in which he shared, the three nights a week at Night School, the studying he had to do, and his work on what he called his invention (to himself at least), time no longer hung heavily on his hands.

Bruce made a point of writing a chatty letter to his mother once a week, and every time he took pains to mention Dudley in a kindly way, in an effort to show that there were no hard feel-

(Please turn to Page 13.)

EXPLOSIVES

Under the Sea

By Harold Freeman
in C I L Oval

FRENCH sailors started something when, back in 1720, they first broke ground for what was to be the impregnable fortress of Louisburg, guardian of the gateway to New France. The combination of a chill breeze off the Atlantic and outcroppings of coal on the Cape Breton coast urged them to start the first coal mining in Nova Scotia, and so brought about beginnings of one of the Province's leading industries and an enterprise that ranks among the world's greatest users of explosives under the sea.

What remains of the Louisburg Fortress is now an historic relic that brings tourists to Cape Breton, but the mining of bituminous coal has developed into an industry that daily sends an army of 8,000 men almost four miles out under the floor of the ocean to mine an average of 4,000,000 tons of fuel a year.

Pit-heads of ten collieries have sprung up in the district around Glace Bay, and their products are carried away by the Sydney and Louisburg Railway with its 130 miles of track, 20 locomotives and 1,000 cars devoted to the transportation of coal.

Under the surface, more than 150 miles of undersea roadway stretches out off the Cape Breton coast, explosives rumble and coal falls continuously, as generators hum to supply light for the busy scene.

Millions of cubic feet of air are pumped into the workings each minute; electric trains roar over double-tracked routes, bringing long strings of loaded coal cars landwards; hoists whisk the product of an army's labor to the surface.

Yes, they started something, those French sailors.

Millions of Tons of Fuel

FOR 100 years after coal was used to heat the Louisburg Citadel, the commodity was mined more or less continuously in a haphazard way, with a gradual growth toward better regulation, culminating in the organization of the General Mining Association in 1825.

Early attempts at mining were made under land areas where outcropping seams provided easy access, but the seams run out to sea and it was inevitable that eventually the mines would follow.

The coal field stretches for a distance of 35 miles along the coast with the seams outcropping either close to the shore line or else under the sea itself. Many millions of tons of coal can be mined from the submarine areas—enough for 100 or 200 years to come. About 150,000,000 tons have already been extracted.

In the area are nine different coal seams at various depths.

Two Methods of Mining

TWO methods of mining are employed to bring the coal out from its undersea bed—Room and Pillar, and Longwall. Room and Pillar is less economical as it leaves almost 50 per cent of the coal as supporting pillars for the bed of the ocean. Such a procedure is required, however, when the workings are less than 700 feet below the bottom of the sea, to avoid any possibility of inbreak of the sea into the workings.

In the Longwall method, all the coal is removed, with hardwood chocks holding up the roof until the coal is loaded out, after which the chocks are removed and the roof allowed to sink gradually until it meets the floor.

The operation is repeated with every cut of coal along the "wall." The Nova Scotia Coal Mines Regulation Act provides that no submarine workings shall come within 180 feet of the floor of the ocean.

Daddy of all the collieries is Dominion Coal Company's No. 2, the "Big Producer" as it is termed locally. Through long years of cutting the colliery has become a 4,400-acre labyrinth of passages and pillars under the ocean, but it can still hoist its 4,200 tons of coal a day without difficulty.

While all the collieries have a variety of modern conveniences, Dominion No. 1B, second only to No. 2 colliery in output, is in many respects the most modernly-equipped of Cape Breton mines, and ranks with the most modern coal mines in the world.

Operated on a seam about seven feet in height, it was originally designed to extract 2,500 tons for each eight-hour shift, but has produced up to 3,500 tons a shift, employing 1,100 men.

Breaking the Coal

THE shafts, one for coal and one for air, are located only 55 yards from the Atlantic coast at Glace Bay, and run down 679 feet, while the workings have extended two and a half miles out under the sea so far. The main haulage road is a double-tracked tunnel with concrete walls and 80-pound rails supporting the roof.

Through this tunnel, eighteen feet wide and seven and a half feet high, electric trains speed the coal from the producing "deeps" to the 31-foot-square coal shaft up which it is carried to the surface.

At the coal face—outpost or frontier of the mine—the men work, breaking the coal from the face. The section is first undermined by machine coal-cutters, back a depth of about six feet. A charge of powder is inserted in a hole, drilled at an angle to the coal so that the explosion will kick the fuel outward as it falls. The hole is then plugged with clay and the charge set off by battery.

Monobel powder is used in coal mines in preference to dynamite because its slow-exploding properties make it preferable to the sharp explosive blast of dynamite which would shatter the coal too much.

How It Is Used

FROM the colliery, the coal goes to a variety of places. About 500,000 tons are made into coke and used in the Sydney steel plant, while many tons go for domestic use throughout Nova Scotia.

From the shipping piers at Sydney and Louisburg during the summer, a fleet of freighters takes large quantities up the St. Lawrence for use in Quebec and Ontario. In winter, some of the fuel for Upper Canada is transported by rail, and indeed the railways themselves are large buyers.

The remainder of the winter output is banked to await the summer shipping season, up to 800,000 tons being placed in banks in the Sydney district each winter.

They most certainly started something, those French sailors!

A Scots sergeant was lecturing about gas, and said: "Take care o' your respirators. Your verra life may depend on them; an', what's mair important, dinna lose them, for if you do you'll hae to pay for them!"

McCarthy: "Did you protest against the movie that represents the Irish as disorderly?"

Murphy: "Did we? We wrecked the place."

My First Visit to a South Sea Island

FOR the first time I have seen a South Sea Island, and it is more beautiful than I ever dreamed. It is Pago Pago, an American possession, in the Islands of Samoa. It was here that Robert Louis Stevenson lived and wrote and died. And it was here he was buried. No wonder he was the author of *Treasure Island!*

The vegetation is simply indescribable. Coconut trees everywhere, loaded with nuts. Bread-fruit trees in abundance. Bananas hanging in great bunches within easy reach. And all kinds of brightly colored flowers.

As I walked along the beach and watched the waves breaking in white foam over the hidden rocks, I felt that I was in Fairyland. I doubt if the Garden of Eden could have been more beautiful! Birds sang in the trees. Fleecy white clouds floated across the sunlit sky. And out in the harbor, one of the finest I have ever seen, the ship that had brought us nearly five thousand miles lay at anchor, her white hull rising above the blue waters through the palm trees. What a glorious picture!

Near the landing place, the native Polynesians, men and women, reclined under black umbrellas, with their wares spread around them, waiting for a sale. There were hundreds of them. Baskets, mats, coral, war clubs, tapa cloths, canoe models, grass skirts, and such things, were offered for sale.

The native village was most interesting. Men and women danced the ancient dances of cannibal days. Little children with copper-colored bodies played around in hundreds. And they were so friendly, always laughing or smiling, living as they do a careless, free and easy life, where God supplies everything they need, with very little work.

They cracked ripe coconuts for us bade us drink the cool, refreshing milk. They handed us ripe bananas to eat. The little children patted us, grasped our hands, asked us to walk with them while they showed us their village. We saw the native huts, beautifully and wonderfully made. Not a nail anywhere. No sides, only a sloping roof. At night they sleep on mats spread on the floor.

One young man, who had with him a young woman companion, became greatly interested in my camera.

"Will you take my picture," he asked in broken English, "and bring it to me when you come back?"

I had to explain that it was a 'movie' camera.

"Where do you come from?" was his next question.

"Canada," I replied. But he had never heard of Canada!

"May I ask you a personal question?"

"Yes," I said.

"How old are you?"

"Forty-eight."

He looked up, unbelief registering on his face.

* * *

A LITTLE boy approached.

"I want to be your friend," he announced. For awhile we walked in silence. Then,

"Are you married?"

"Yes."

"How many children have you?"

"Three."

"How old are they?"

"Twenty, eigheen and sixteen."

"I don't think!" was the expression on his face—but he only grunted!

"Have you ever seen a train?" I asked.

"No; only pictures of them."

"Do you want to go to America?"

"No; I like my own country better."

"Is there a church here?"

"Yes."

"Missionaries?"

"Yes."

"Do you sing hymns?"

"Yes."

"What hymns?"

"*Hark! the herald angels sing,*" he answered, naming several others as well.

Practically all the children speak broken English.

All the natives claim to be Christians, just as we do at home.

Pago Pago harbor was once the crater of a great volcano. Great green hills, covered with dense tropical foliage, slope steeply down to the water's edge. The air is balmy and fragrant. No chill of winter ever comes to Samoa, this island gem south of the Equator. At the back of the village rises Mount Pioa, 1,717 feet high, called by the Samoans "The Rain-maker."

* * *

I TOOK many colored pictures—pictures of boys and girls in their outrigger canoes. Pictures of the white surf between the palm trees. Pictures of the natives themselves in their bright dresses. All wore sufficient clothing, except many white women from the ship. Tourists have set a poor example.

Days are much alike in these islands. Before dawn the people are astir. The women prepare breakfast, while the children scamper off for a plunge in the sea. After breakfast the older girls fish on the reefs or weave mats. The men go off for bigger fish.

I have left Pago Pago, but some day, please God, I will return. For I can still see the deep, transparent water of the harbor. I can hear yet the breaking of the surf on the beach. And I still recall the laughter of the children at play. The great high mountains, the coconut palms, the quiet roadway, the land-locked harbor—what a retreat from the hurry and rush of our Western civilization! What a refuge for pirates! What a fulfilment of my boyhad dreams!—Christian Herald.

Change of Complexion

A MIRACULOUS escape from serious injury or perhaps death when a motor car was struck by a railway engine on a New Zealand railway, left the Maori owner-driver quite unperturbed. Recounting his experience afterwards, he said:

"I have five Maoris in this car, and when we come to the crossing, one of them says, 'No train.' I go ahead. Soon I am on the line and I look round and see the train coming. My stars! I step on it quick; but the train hit the back of the car and the next thing I know is that the spare wheel and the luggage box are torn off. I look round, and, my stars! I got five *pakehas* (white men) in the car!"

It Happened in China

A TRUE STORY

THE Yu family had been refugees five times over in less than two years. It was December, 1937, when the Japanese invading army had first reached the city of Shiuyang. The Yu family were quite poor people, scratching a bare living from a few fields on the edge of the city. They bundled up their scanty belongings as best they could, and fled. Tung-ching had been about eleven then—a thin, rather dirty small boy in ragged, blue cotton clothes.

Being a refugee is not fun. Tung-ching, who had often played at soldiers found that real war is quite different; it means being homeless and desperately hungery; and it means air-raids and neighbors who are seized and shot dead. In a way, Tung-ching got used to war, because for so long there was no other kind of life possible. Sometimes he remembered how, when he was quite tiny, his old grandfather had taught him that, above all others, the people he ought to admire and respect were the scholars and men of learning. Soldiers, he had gathered, were very inferior men, who would only undertake such work out of ignorance and stupidity.

"But now," Tung-ching thought to himself, "things are different, terribly different. Grandfather thought it awful to be a soldier; and yet our Chinese soldiers are trying to give us peace again. If the Japanese soldiers have not left our country in peace before then, I suppose I shall be a soldier myself when I'm a bit older. It is all very puzzling."

* * *

BUT Tung-ching's puzzlings were interrupted. A frightened countryman came running along the track towards the city.

"The Japanese! The Japanese!" he was calling, panting for breath. "They are coming; they are near. Hide, hide!"

The Yu family, knowing all too well what that meant, hastily collected itself, packed some food, took some cooking-pots and trailed off down the road with the growing crowd of refugees. Others flocked to the waterfront, piled themselves and their possesions into the junks and boats moored there and pushed off downstream. An hour later you might have thought there was not a person left in the place, not a boat on the waterfront.

Suddenly, a litle higher up the river, the rattle of machine-gun fire broke out. A small force of Chinese soldiers was making a last stand there, outside the city, trying at all costs to hold up the advancing Japanese, and so to give the refugees more time to get clear. They had been driven to the riverside; their enemies were pressing hard.

"If only there were boats," muttered their officer, scanning the deserted banks desperately, "I might get the fellows away, and we could fight on, another day."

Then, round the bend of the river, came a boat! It was clumsy and old-fashioned, for it belonged to the Yu family; and it was being rowed by a boy of thirteen—Tung-ching.

Tung-ching pulled in towards the place where the skirmish was raging; he looked so small the officer had to smile. But there was no time to delay.

"Quick, get some men across to the other side," he ordered briefly.

* * *

THE nearest soldiers piled into the boat, and the officer pushed it off. Tung-ching, knowing from babyhood the set of currents on that reach of the river, gave his right hand oar a couple of extra pulls, and then bent to both oars with all his might. A bullet sang past his ears, and another, and another. Then a red-hot pain slashed his forehead; Tung-ching pushed an oar into the hands of a soldier, tied a rag of his clothes round his bleeding head, took back the oar, and pulled harder than ever. The boat grated on the far bank; the soldiers scrambled out; Tung-ching turned the clumsy boat, and began to row back towards the still spattering machine-guns,

He made the double trip eight times. Sometimes a soldier took an oar; but Tung-ching alone knew the currents and the landing places, and he had to be chief ferry man. The wound on his head bled rather badly at first; then it dried and stiffened into a sore ache. As at each successive return trip he drew near to the place where the fighting was, there were more hurt and dead soldiers lying on the river bank. But as long as there were any there alive Tung-ching knew his work was not done. The eighth trip was the last; it seemed as if more bullets than ever were following the heavily-loaded boat. Would it never reach the far side? Tung-ching tugged at his oars, till he thought his tired shoulders would crack. He was across at last. Overboard now he held the end of the boat steady as the soldiers got ashore. The last of them was out, and running for the nearest cover.

But Tung-ching had one job more. "If this one small boat has been so useful to us," he had thought to himself, "she might be useful to the enemy, too. I must not let that happen."

He pulled out a boat-hook, and spiked it through the half-rotten timbers of the boat's bottom. The muddy water began to ooze in; the boat settled and started to fill. A bullet whistled uncomfortably near; Tung-ching picked up the two oars, and toiled up the bank after the men he had rescued.—Methodist Recorder (London).

BEYOND THE HORIZON

What lies beyond the hill? you ask,
And turn toward the south,
Where hills on hills arise to meet the sky;
What lies beyond the sea? you ask,
And turn toward the west,
To gaze across the water's blue and green
And watch the passing steamers
Going to and fro from distant ports.
What lies beyond the mountains? you ask,
And turn toward the snow-capped majesties,
First to catch the tints of sunrise,
Last to reflect the glories of sunset.
They lie to the East and to the North
What lies beyond them?
What lies beyond the horizon? you ask,
With eyes of wonder and romance,
Eager for knowledge, restless for adventures;
I shall find what lies
Beyond the earth-line and the sky-line—
I will go—daring dangers,
Armed with only youth and courage,
With high ideals and noble aims.
Unknown perils lie beyond the horizon,
Pitfalls and snares,
Entangling meshes for those unwary—
Alluring by-paths,
Distracting attractions,
Corruption and failure;
I go to find what lies beyond all things—
I shall conquer.

—Muriel T. Fujuwara, Canadian Japanese, in Missionary Monthly.

Good Reasons

Young Man (to Antonio): "What are you doing?"

Antonio: "I digga da dtich."

"What for?"

"To getta money."

"What do you want money for?"

"To buy da spaghetti."

"What're you going to do with the spaghetti?"

"I eatta spaghetti."

"What do you want to eat it for?"

"To growa da muscle."

"What do you want muscle for?"

"To digga da ditch."

Northern Messenger

WEEKLY

Founded by John Dougall, 1864

Continuing the Canadian Messenger and Journal of Missions founded by John Dougall, (1855-7). Revived, 1864 as Canadian Messenger, Present title adopted, 1876

Printed and published by

JOHN DOUGALL & SON

(Frederick Eugene Dougall, surviving member of the firm)

at 360 Craig St. W., Montreal, Canada.

A Christian adventure for the whole family the Northern Messenger has for several generations been loved by young and old.

Interdenominational in its sympathies it is *free to serve* all Christians.

Entertaining, informing, inspiring, the heart and purpose of the Messenger is to declare the Gospel of Jesus, the power of God unto Salvation, and its challenge to Christian faith and living.

Subscription Rates Elsewhere
or on application.

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

Contributors of poems and articles who wish their material returned to them in case of rejection are asked to enclose a stamped and addressed envelope.

We cannot pay for Poems.

AUGUST 23, 1940.

WORD FOR THE DAY

Sun. : Be ye merciful as your Father is merciful.—Luke 6:36

Mon. : To the Lord our God belong mercies and forgiveness.—Dan. 9:9

Tue. : The Father of mercies and God of all comfort.—2 Cor. 1:3

Wed. : Goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life.—Ps. 23:6

Thu. : The mercy of the Lord is from everlasting to everlasting. — Psalm 103:17

Fri. : I am not worthy of the least of these Thy mercies.—Gen. 32:10

Sat. : Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ.—Jude 21.

"St. James says, 'if any man lack . . . let him ask.' (James 1:5) and here is the remedy for all our incompleteness—to take our incompleteness to God whatever our lack may be."

God created man to be immortal, and made him to be an image of his own eternity.—Wisdom of Solomon.

It is said of an old missionary that he was asked by a native enquirer how he could be so sure about God. He answered that he was sure about God because he had been talking to Him that very morning.

Meditation

"Prepare ye the way of the Lord.

PRAY for all indifferent Christians that they may be roused and made vital and that they may be used to rouse their neighbors and bring them into touch with God.

Pray for one another.
Pray for those who persecute.
Pray without ceasing.

Turn every thought into a prayer by realizing God's presence in our minds. May our thoughts of the world's terror be prayers that Thy will shall be fulfilled and Thy Kingdom hastened.

May our minds be open to new thoughts from God.

* * *

Prayer and determination that we may be kept from hindering God's plan by our small faith. We must bring all our faith to God and receive in exchange "the faith of God" that sees beyond earthly miasmas and hindering details—that sees the valuable soul beyond the entangling sin. The faith that holds on to the promises of God when no fulfilment is in sight. Faith that overcomes fear,

"Laughs at impossibility,
And cries, It shall be done!"

* * *

Prayer that we shall be saved from selfish preoccupation and careless ease of heart when our own families and possessions seem safe. May our hearts beat in sympathy with those who suffer.

May our hearts go out to the Youth of all lands, as precious in Thy sight as our own dear children.

God and —Humanity

THE Christianity we have to learn is, that sinful and weak man must first get right with God and learn justice and love as Christ taught, and then turn to man and apply those principles with real zeal and intensity; so only shall we begin to mould the world to our heart's desires.

Unless we learn it all—and soon—we shall sink into a half-hearted totalitarianism or shall lose altogether our place in the van of the world's progress.—Bishop Walter J. Carey.

"Prayer is meant to keep us thinking as God thinks."

GOD'S PATTERN

If all the skies were sunshine
Our faces oft would fain
To feel once more upon them
The cooling splash of rain.

If all the world were music,
Our hearts would often long
For one sweet strain of silence
To break the endless song.

If life were always merry,
Our souls would seek relief,
And rest from weary laughter
In the quiet arms of grief.

—Henry Van Dyke.

Trusting God

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
And hope in Him through all thy ways,
He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
And bear thee through the evil days;
Who trusts in God's unchanging love
Builds on the rock that nought can move.

Only be still, and wait His leisure
In cheerful hope, with heart content

Sing, pray, and keep His ways unswerving;
So do thine own part faithfully,
And trust His word,—though undeserving,
Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
God never yet forsook at need
The soul that trusted Him indeed.

—Georg Neumark (1641)

Perfect Love

THE most essential thing for a perfect prayer is perfect love. Of all the virtues love is the force that draws us and holds us closest to God. Let us keep this love stream as pure as possible from the elements that might defile it.

The word pure is a tremendously big and all-encompassing word. Just as sin means anything that separates us from God, so impurity is anything that blocks the channels of heavenly love.

Perfect purity was defined by Jesus in two commandments: First, "Love thy neighbor as thyself." Second, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

Jesus it was who showed the world the infinite value of each individual soul. —Sharing.

* * * * *

**God said, Have I not commanded thee?
Be strong and of good courage;
Be not afraid, neither be thou dismayed for the Lord thy God is with thee whithersoever thou goest.**

— JOSHUA 1:9.

Young People's Bible Reading

"Praise the Lord"

For Sunday
SEPT. 1, 1940.
Psalm 103:1-5, 10-18

by BARAM

THERE is no more beautiful Psalm than the one hundred and third. the heading in our Bibles ascribes it to David but many authorities group it with Psalms 102 and 104 and place it later than David's time.

"Psalm 102 belongs to the closing days of the exile, and utters the hope of Israel's restoration." In Psalm 103 "the hope of the previous one has been fulfilled, and sorrow has given place to thanksgiving. Its probable date is soon after the return from exile." (Dummelow)

The Psalm has been loved all down the centuries. It was a custom of the Scottish Covenanters to sing it at the celebration of the Sacrament.

Stanley after staying a while with Livingstone, returned to the coast, promising to send up men and stores. From March to August Livingstone waited. Then he records in his Diary for August 9, 1872, "It is well—the men who were with Mr. Stanley came again to me.—'Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Amen'."

In our Sunday School in the Old Country we learned this Psalm three or four verses each Sunday till we could say it from beginning to end "by heart."

"MERCIFUL AND GRACIOUS"

THE Psalm is a grand hymn of praise and thanksgiving. Note that it begins and ends with the same phrase, "Bless the Lord, O my soul." Remember "the soul" is "the life." Our lives bless God when we try to live as He would have us live.

All that is within me.—The Psalmist's heart and mind and physical powers are all called to bless and praise God. "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thine heart, and with all thy soul and with all thy might." (Deut. 6:5)

His holy Name.—God's Name means God's character. It means God Himself with all that He is. "God is Love. God is Light."

Forget not.—"God . . . giveth us richly all things to enjoy." (1 Tim. 6:17) "Every good gift . . . cometh down from the Father of Lights." (James 1:17) Let us never forget all God's goodness to us.

Forgiveth . . . healeth . . . redeemeth, . . . crowneth.— Here is a lovely garland of blessings. Every word carries a little story. The offender is forgiven and restored, the sick man is healed, the slave is set free. Then comes the climax, "Who crowneth thee with loving kindness and tender mercies."

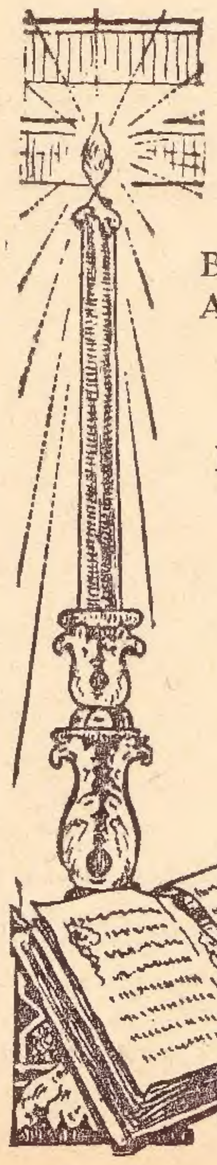
Like the eagle's. — "The eagle's strength seemed to indicate perpetual youth." (Dummelow) See Isa. 40:31.

Righteousness and judgments.—"R.V. 'Righteous acts and judgments' i.e. 'deliverances'." (Dummelow) We see much oppression today. But the power of God shall yet "break every yoke."

There is music in the rainfall,
And a blessing in the cloud,
And refreshment to the flowers
When the dewy mists enshroud.
E'en the song birds' notes are sweeter,
Ringing forth o'er hill and plain,
As they praise the Sunshine-Giver
For the healing gift of rain.

There are sunny days of pleasure,
There are hours with sorrow rife,
For the light and shadow mingle
In our little span of life.
Then uplift thine eyes to Heaven
When the storms thy pathway shroud,
For there's music in the rainfall,
And a blessing in the cloud.

—Anon.



Memory Verse

Bless the Lord, O my soul,
And forget not all his benefits.
—Psalm 103:2

DAILY BIBLE READINGS

FROM AUG. 26 TO SEPT. 1.

Mon.—Ps. 103:1-5, 10-18
Tue.—Deut. 28:1-6
Wed.—Gen. 32:22-29.
Thu.—Eph. 1:3-14
Fri.—James 1:12-18
Sat.—Psalm 107:1-9
Sun.—Psalm 150:1-6

His ways . . . his acts.—We all see God's "acts" and often we do not understand them. To those who, like Moses, try to live close to God, He will show "His ways." They will learn, as King George said, "to put their hand into the hand of God" and will know that His ways are right.

"LIKE AS A FATHER"

MERCIFUL and gracious. — Remember all the grand and lovely things in these verses (8-13) are true and more than true. "Plenteous in mercy", "so great is His mercy," "Like as a father pitieth."

Our Lord always reasoned from the good in man to the infinitely better in God. "What man of you" (Matt. 7:9; 12:11; Luke 15:3-32)

For the love of God is broader
Than the measure of man's mind:
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

If our love were but more simple,
We should take Him at His word;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

(Faber)

As the heaven is high.—Compare Psalm 57:10; Isa. 55:8, 9; Eph. 3:18, 19. "So great is His mercy."

Like as a father. — Isaiah says (63:13): "As one whom his mother comforteth, so will I comfort you." Let us think of God as loving us just like Father or Mother. Indeed the love of Father and Mother for us is a little bit of God's great love, as it were, revealed in and through them.

He knoweth our frame.—God made us, God understands us better than we do ourselves. The very fact that we are "but dust" makes His love for us all the more tender and considerate.

As for man.—This is very like what Isaiah said (40:6-8). Isaiah is quoted by St. Peter. (1 Peter 1:23-25) They carry the same message, the transitoriness of man, the eternity of God and the grand truth that as we become rooted in God we partake of His eternity.

"THE PROMISE . . TO YOUR CHILDREN"

UNTO children's children. — "The promise is to you and to your children." (Acts 2:39) God's mercies reach to them that are "afar off" (Acts 2:39) but there are special blessings surrounding the Christian home. The first sanctuary was the family, the first priest and priestess the Father and

(Please turn to Page 8.)

Lotteries Are Barred

RED CROSS WARNS CHARITY FETES

THE name of the Red Cross, as the beneficiary of games, sports events, entertainments of any kind, etc., cannot be used without the permission of the society where the proceeds are designated to help the Red Cross, it was announced from Red Cross House recently.

In a circular sent to branches it was stated "It has been brought to the notice of the Division that certain golf clubs, country clubs, and other societies, are conducting games of chance and other forms of entertainment stating that the proceeds are for the benefit of the Red Cross.

"It is realized that these organizations are sponsoring these in good faith, but it must in every case be brought to the attention of the sponsors that the Red Cross can have nothing to do with any affair which does not have a permit issued by the local Branch of the Red Cross Society. The society will not authorize anything in the nature of a lottery or game of chance.

"Branches are requested to bring to the attention of the commissioner any unauthorized appeals to the public of this nature so that they will be stopped."

"I Think That God Is Proud"

By Grace Nell Crowell

"I think that God is proud of those who bear
A sorrow bravely. Proud indeed of them
Who walk straight through the dark to find Him there,
And kneel in faith to touch His garment's hem.
Oh, proud of them who lift their heads to shake
The tears away from eyes that have grown dim;
Who tighten quivering lips, and turn to take
The only road they find that leads to Him.
How proud He must be of them! He who knows
All sorrow, and how hard grief is to bear—
I think He sees them coming, and He goes
With outstretched arms and hands to meet them there,
And with a look—a touch on hand or head
Each finds his hurt heart strangely comforted." —Tidings.

"I know of a world that is sunk in shame,
Where hearts oft faint and tire;
But I know of a NAME, a precious NAME,
That can set that world on fire.
I know of a Name, a precious Name,
That Name is sweet, its letters flame;
'Tis JESUS."

"PRAISE THE LORD"

(Continued from Page 7.)

Mother. It is family religion that has been the strength of the Jewish race all down the centuries. (Deut. 4:9; 6:4-9; 11:18-20; Psa. 78:4-6; 102:23; Eph. 6:4)

"Look up if you can "The Cotter's Saturday Night" (Burns) with its lovely picture of family worship. The poet truly says,

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad.

His prayer for his people is,

And O, may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion weak and vile;
Then howe'er crowns and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

Godly family life is the root of national security.

Sometimes it is difficult under modern conditions to restore the observance of family worship. But it is worth trying. Many of late years have tried and have found less difficulty than they anticipated. Let us anyhow live in the spirit of family religion and we shall find God's righteousness descend "unto children's children." (Compare Luke 1:50)

Covenant . . . Commandments.—It is to those who through God's help "keep His covenant and remember His commandments to do them" that the blessing comes. The responsibility is on us. (Deut. 7:9, 11) "If any man willeth to do His will he shall know of the teaching." (John 7:17 R.V.)

Prepared—"established." The Psalmist sings of the power of God. "His throne in the heavens." The same thought as "Who maketh the clouds His chariot." (Psa. 104:3) The Psalmist was not thinking of some far-off heaven. God was very near to him. Let us think of God's "Real Presence" in nature and "closer than breathing, nearer than hands or feet." At a Sunday School which I attended we frequently used this prayer: "Thou comest to us in the morning air, in the evening calm, in the love of our loved ones, in our work and in our play and in everything that makes us brave and strong."

"HIS KINGDOM RULETH"

His kingdom.—See Dan. 2:44; 7:14, etc. There is much opposition to God's kingdom, to the reign of righteousness and mercy on earth. There always has been. But "His kingdom ruleth over all."

God's Word, for all their craft and force,
One moment will not linger,
But spite of hell, shall have its course;
'Tis written by His finger.

* * *

The city of God remaineth.—Luther.

The Jews were a little people, but they express this faith in God on every page of their Scriptures. Their faith has been justified. The great Empires that oppressed them, Egypt, Assyria, Babylonia and the rest have vanished. Israel remains. Christians are heirs to the promises made to Israel. It is for us to trust God and resist evil in ourselves and in the world, knowing that the God of right will conquer in the end.

Ye His angels . . . ministers. — The "angels" of God are His "messengers." His "ministers" are His "servants." The Psalmist refers to God's heavenly servants. Both the Old Testament and the New have much to say about the angels, "ministering spirits, sent forth to minister for them who shall be heirs ofo salvation." (Heb. 1:14)

There is no reason to doubt the reality of this ministration. But we can all be "angels" of God, His messengers. We can all be His "ministers," His servants. Milton is handicapped by his blindness from actively serving God, but the willing heart is the thing. He comforts his soul with the thought that "they also serve who only stand and wait."

Bless the Lord, all His works in all places of His dominion. — Compare Phil. 2:9-11; Rev. 5:13.

The Psalmist has circled heaven and earth and has found God's goodness, love and providence everywhere. So he comes back to his starting point and sings with new force and deeper meaning,

BLESS THE LORD, O MY SOUL.

* * *

QUESTIONS

1. Bless the Lord, O my soul—. Complete the verse.
2. What does "soul" mean? How can our souls bless God?
3. What does God's "Name" mean?
4. What does v. 6 mean?
5. Like as a father—. Complete the verse.
6. What does the Psalmist mean by God's "angels" and God's "ministers"?
7. Can we be God's "angels" and "ministers"?
8. Bless the Lord, all his works—. Complete the verse.

(For Answers, see Page 12.)

"UPS AND DOWNS"

By M. C. McLellan

For the Messenger

MR. and Mrs. Gardiner looked anxiously expectant as they were ushered into Dr. Smith's office. "Well, well, friends!" he said. "I'm in no end of a hurry, so I can't work up gradually to the subject. You told me once, John, about a small mortgage you had put on your place, but you never noticed your boy was growing up, and had a real head on him, so you never told him about it, and he had to hear it in a way that worried the little soul nearly to death. Read that!" and he spread out before the amazed couple their boy's letter.

Dear Dr. Smith,—

I heard Mr. Alyn telling a man that my father has something he will never get clear of and I feel pretty punk about it. Mr. Alyn called it a morgidge. Is it like a cancer, and could you cut it out? I don't like talking much about it, will you please write an answer, and I'll walk in Friday after school, and get it. If it costs much, could I pay you by degreas?

Yours truly,

Jack Gardiner.

Slow tears were coursing down Mrs. Gardiner's face, and her husband was seized with a coughing fit. "Come, Jennie," he said; "we must hurry home."

As they drove up to the door the children were exactly where they had left them. "Mother," said the boy in almost triumph, "we've got to keep Dulcie now after all—"

"Why, of *course* we are going to keep her, but why the 'after all' clause?" she asked.

"Well, you see," he explained, "Mrs. Alyn was always a-yippin' at me to give Dulcie to her, and—and—it costs a lot to feed us, so as it was all my fault coaxing you to take Dulcie,—why, uh—I—er—took her up there, and, glory be! *she doesn't want her*, after all!"

* * *

MRS. GARDINER'S face was a study of shocked amazement. "Why Jack!" she exclaimed, "I wouldn't part with the little pet for *anything*, and I wouldn't have thought you would be willing—"

"Aw, Mother!" he cut in, "I *didn't* want to; I just hated to; but Mr. Alyn said—I mean he—"

"Wait, my boy," interrupted his father, "come in; I have something to tell you,—some good news."

Soon he laid on the table a legal paper, and in a clear, concise way he explained to Jack what a mortgage was. The boy understood, yet put one faltering question,—"Er—and you are all right, Father?"

"Absolutely all right," was the prompt reply, "and now listen. Nearly twenty years ago I insured my life for two thousand dollars. Next spring that comes due, and I will have money enough to pay the mortgage all off, and start a bank account, beside a new suit for a boy I know, not far from here."

A joyful grin transformed Jack's face, "And you will be clear of it?" he marvelled.

"Just as surely as I am sure you are a hungry boy right now," replied his father.

"Good guess!" shouted the boy. "I'm so hollow my ribs rattle around; what's to eat, Mother?"

"All sorts of odds and ends," she laughed happily.

"Is you goin' to give Jack some cussed pie, Muzzie?" piped up Dulcie.

"Look a-here, Miss, we are respectable people," said Jack pompously, "and you're to talk right, and not insult my Mother's pies. Say *custard!*"

"*Cuthtard,*" she carefully repeated.

"That thounds thome better," he mocked, playfully.

It was a hilarious hour. After the late supper at which Jack consumed an astonishing amount of food, he went for the cows, turning somersaults and handsprings on the way. Then he raced up and down the lane. Mr. Alyn was passing. "Hello, Mr. Alyn," yelled Jack. "Isn't this just a gorgeous evening."

* * *

SUDDENLY he remembered something. He rushed in to the telephone, where the following one-sided conversation took place. "Is that Dr. Smith? — Well, this is Jack, and say doctor, I was mistaken—oh yes, you bet *I'm* glad too, and oh say doctor, does this cost anything? — what?—half a cent. Why how *can* I give you *half* a cent? — File it in two?—All right I'll do it—you are going to keep it for a what? — a monument? Oh, Dr. Smith, you're funny. Goodbye."

His next chat was with Dulcie. "Say, Midget, wasn't it a jolly good thing Mrs. Alyn didn't *want* you added to her cares, and what not, and so forth and etcettery. Now you're going to stay here forever and aye."

"Goin' tay here f'ever nay," she chanted.

"Till you're old and gray," he prompted.

"Till you ole and gay," she giggled.

Mrs. Gardiner, sitting by the west window, looked away into the bright sunset. She said very quietly, "Father, I thank Thee—after all these ups and downs, at eventide it is light unto us."

Jack looked up thoughtfully and said, "Mother, it is just like one of those stories where the last line reads, 'and they lived happily ever after.' I always liked that line to be there, but I never half believed it. Now I know it can be true."

An English Schoolboy's Prayer

DEAR GOD, it's been a topping day!
I woke up fit and spry,
Lessons went off quite O.K.,
And then I scored a try!

I felt so pleased I nearly burst—
I knew Dad would be glad.
Perhaps I might get in the "first"—
Oh, please bless Mum and Dad.

And do help all poor crippled boys
Who lie still all day long,
Make folks send them food and toys—
Please make them all grow strong.

Don't let me funk, or be a cheat,
Please make me kind to all,
Help me to learn to take defeat;
May I grow big and tall.

I don't expect I pray quite right,
School will creep in, you see—
Just one more thing I'll say tonight—
Thank You for making me.

—Sel.

An Airman's Classic Testimony

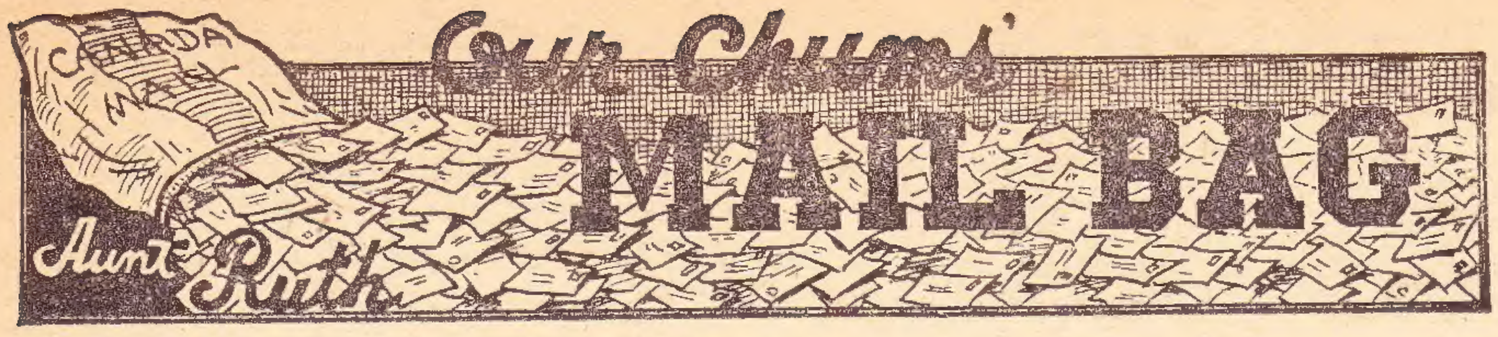
THE TIMES (London) published a posthumous letter from a young R.A.F. pilot to his mother. The inspiriting document was found among the officer's personal belongings after he had been reported "missing, believed killed."

The pilot had counted the cost, and he regarded it as a high privilege to "have lived and died an Englishman." He saw, too, the moral and spiritual issues at stake:

> "Today," he writes, "we are faced with the greatest organized challenge to Christianity and civilization that the world has ever seen, and I count myself lucky and honored to be the right age and fully trained to throw my full weight into the scale."

This "happy warrior" has passed away wihtout seeing the fruits of his sacrifice, but his spirit lives on and his example and witness are imperishable. —C. E. N.

"Give me a mind that is not bored,
That does not whimper, whine or sigh;
Don't let me worry overmuch
About that fussy thing called I."



DEAR CHUMS,—

There are two words which I hope always come into our readers' minds when they think of the Chums' Page. Two words—"lively" and "interesting." There are two kinds of interest in this page. First of all I think there's the human interest,—letters from real people telling about themselves and their experiences, writing personally to each other through the Page. Secondly and very important are the little stories that you recount in your letters. For instance, somebody takes a beautiful trip this summer. Then he or she writes about it in a letter to the Chums' Page and the Chums are able through that letter to enjoy the trip too. They read about the places of historical interest that were visited, the natural beauty spots and busy towns. And some day if they have a chance to take that same trip they will appreciate it twice as much.

So much for being interesting. Then we want to have our Page lively. By being "lively" I don't mean just cracking jokes or having adventures to describe, although those things are heaps of fun. I want you to be lively in your tninking and I know you are. Those letters that you wrote about Dominion Day were grand. The thinking that went into the Riddle Contest was good too. But in these days really alive people are thinking most about their country and what they can do to serve her. A young girl whom I know was looking forward to the privilege of voting in the Dominion Elections. "But," she said, "besides that I want to live daily so that my life is of value to the country." That is what we are going to think about this Fall and Winter—*how our lives can be of value to the country.* There are all kinds of ways in which that can be done. Next week we will be asking you to write specially about what you are doing along these lines. We have not decided just what heading this should be under, but we'll let you have it next week. In the meantime you be thinking out just what you are doing daily for the country.

YOUR LOVING AUNT RUTH.

* * *

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—Many times before have I written a letter to your page but never posted it. I enjoy the Messenger very much. I read all the stories printed in it. I receive the Messenger at Sunday School.

I am in grade 7 at school and will be 11 on August 13th. I have auburn hair and blue eyes. Have I a twin?

My hobbies are, stamps, birds, post cards and collecting programmes and pictures of the Dionne quintuplets. I also like to speak french. My father is teaching me all the French he knows.(which is quite a bit). I must close now. Your chum—Dorthy Harnaford.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—It has been quite a long time since I wrote to our Chums Mail Bag. Wouldn't it be nice if the chums page would be full of letters, and not only a few. I am still looking for a pen-pal.

I passed from grade VI to grade VII this spring.

We used to have a tall water tank right across the street from our house but it is torn down now and it is being set up again in Aldershot, Nova Scotia, for the soldiers there.

We had our Sunday School picnic July 13 at a place near Hillsborough, New Brunswick. We had races and had a ball-game. There was a place to swim. We had a very nice time.

Well I think that is all for now. Yours truly,—Ronald Lewis.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am ten years old and my birthday is Nov. 15.

I live on a farm. On our farm we keep hens, cows, and horses. I read the Northern Messenger every Sunday. I go to school and am in Grade V. I wish Helen Blades to write to me. I must say goodbye now.—Beryl McGerrigle,Que.

Ans.—Good luck Beryl and thank you for writing.—A. R.

Dear Jean MacKinnon—I hope you have been fine since I wrote to you last.

Did you pass your exams this June? I did and will be in Grade Six when I go back after the holidays. All the children in our school passed but two boys, one in Grade Three and one in Grade Seven. Our same teacher is coming back to our school. One of our neighbors is getting a refugee boy as a guest so he will be going to our school when it starts again.

I can hardly wait until Sunday comes to get the Northern Messenger. I always turn to Aunt Ruth's page first.

I saw that Aunt Ruth wants us to keep on sending riddles whenever we come across any specially good ones. So I am sending some in with my letter. Your loving pen-pal,—Elizabeth Bingeman.

Ans.—Thanks for the riddles. So glad you remembered them.—A.R.

Dear Aunt Ruth and Chums,—I am a girl of eight years old. My Birthday is November 22nd. I go to Sunday School every Sunday and get the Northern Messenger. I read the letters in it. I am in Grade IV. I have a sister of ten years old. Her name is Helen For a pet, I have a kitten its name is Bill. New pal,—Lorna Blades.

Dear Aunt Ruth,—I am eight years of age. I like poetry better than anything. In fact, I liked it so much I decided to make it up and I did. I have already selected my penname to be Alice R. Stevenson. The R. stands for Rose. I thought I would send in a poem so here it is:

What I Think

Why spend your time on unhappiness
When there's always something to do?
You could work or you could play
For either is good for you.
You could play in your sandpile
Or you could pile the wood
And when you're done I think you'll say,
"I'm feeling very good."

—Vera MacMaster, Ont.

Ans.—Thank you, Vera,—or "Alice R. Stevenson."

Pupil: "Can you tell a man by the company he keeps?"

Teacher: "Yes."

Pupil: "Well, if a good man keeps company with a bad man, does the good man become a bad man, or does the bad man become a good man, or does the good man stay a good man and the bad man stay a bad man?"

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

This Week's Star Correspondent

RONALD LEWIS

Honorable Mention

ELIZABETH BINGEMAN

"Holy Shadow"

THERE was once, long ago, an old saint whom men called "Holy Shadow." I cannot tell you what his real name was. He was "Holy Shadow" to all who knew him, and those who know his story would not think of him by any other name. This saint had built for himself a little hut in a pleasant garden, and here he passed his days in prayer and meditation. He was one of those in whom love of his fellow-creatures was second only to his love of God. He had but one thought: to serve his Master and to do good to all men. And the legend runs that one day the angels, who took great delight in his company, sent one of their number to talk with him.

The old man received the angel with great courtesy. Presently his visitor said: "Tell me, now; if you were granted a wish, what would you choose?" The old man smiled. "I have, already, all I need," he answered; " a roof to cover me, a garden to tend, a heart to love God, hands to work for Him, a tongue to sing His praises. What more could I ask?"

That was a beautiful answer. Yet the angel was not satisfied! "But think," he urged, "there must be something; some blessing, some grace that will make you even happier than you are." Again the old man shook his head. But the angel insisted that he should think again. "Whatever you ask," he assured him, "God will give you. I can promise that your request will not be refused."

* * *

FOR a few minutes the saint was silent. Then he said very humbly: "If I must ask, it is this. All my life I have tried to do good to my fellow-men. Often I have failed. And when, by God's grace, I have been of service, my heart tells me how little—how very little—I have been able to do. Let me, then, do good, always, everywhere." And then he added: "Let me do good *without knowing it.*"

Straightway the angel winged his way to God. And God said: "It is well asked. I will bless his shadow, so that, wherever and on whomsoever it falls, there shall be healing and light and refreshment."

That evening the old man was praying in the little garden that he had made outside his cell. The sun was low, and all the trees and flowers were touched with gold. It had been a hot summer, and everywhere the earth was parched and thirsty. But, where the shadow of the saint fell the grass sprang to a new greenness and daisies opened their surprised and tired eyes as if to greet the Spring. And when his prayer was finished, and he walked about his garden, every drooping plant, every parched and stunted bush, tired leaf and faded petal took on a new and rare beauty as if the life-giving rain had come to them at last.

* * *

BUT the old man knew nothing of this, for his shadow fell behind him. And so it was wherever he went. Sick folk were made whole. Little children would wait for his coming and walk for a moment in his shadow. For that way came joy and happiness. Wells that had lain dry and useless brimmed again with water, and house or cottage on which his shadow rested (if only for a moment) thrilled as if the very finger of God Himself had touched their walls and doorways.

Once, in a country lane, Holy Shadow passed two children at play by the roadside. Near them was a heap of clay, and on the roadway lay the rather shapeless bodies of four little birds that they had made. Birds are not easily modelled out of mud! As the saint passed, the children looked up to see him go by. And when he had gone, and they looked down again, the four little bodies had taken life, perfect from beak to tail-feather in color and plumage. While the children still stared at the miracle that had happened, the four rose from the ground and went soaring up into the blue sky. No wonder men called him "Holy Shadow."—Hugh Chesterman in 'Church Times'.

The Six Little Chickens

By Marion Wathen Fox

For the Messenger

MRS. FLUFFY had been sitting on her eggs for a number of days waiting for her chickens to hatch out. And at last one day—"Crack!" went a shell and out peeped the bill of a chicken. Soon the whole chicken was out—a lovely yellow baby for Mrs. Fluffy.

In a few hours, "Crack!" went another shell, and out came another baby chick. And before night-time, if Mrs. Fluffy hadn't five dear little baby chicks. My, but she was a proud and happy mother!

But she had still one egg left to keep warm under her feathers. And next morning "Crack!" went the shell and out popped a little—*black* chicken!

The five yellow chickens just stood and stared in surprise at their little black sister. Then the whole five yellow chickens set up a wail,

"Oh, mother, I want to be a black chicken, too! Mother, why can't I be black? I don't want to be a yellow chicken—black chickens are far, far nicer!"

And didn't the whole five yellow chickens begin to cry because—they were yellow chickens.

"Nonsense!" clucked the poor mother hen, "Why should you want to be what you are not?"

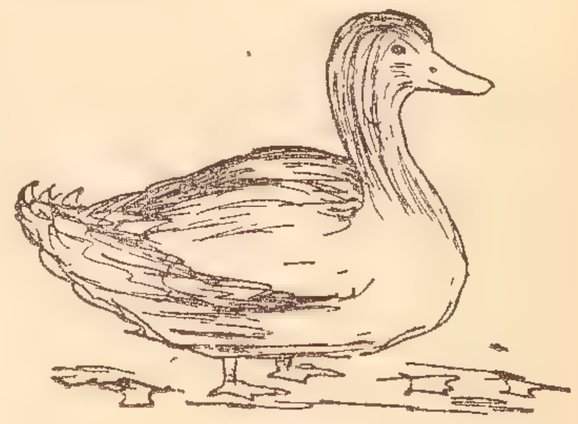
And then such a strange thing happened.

Little black chicken just stood and stared at her five yellow brothers and sisters. Then she began to wail,

"Oh, mother, I want to be yellow, too! Mother, why can't I be a yellow chicken? I don't want to be a black chicken—yellow chickens are far, far nicer."

"Oh, dear, dear," sighed Mrs. Fluffy, "Why have I such discontented children? My black chicken wants to be yellow, my yellow chickens want to be black. I want my children to be happy, but how can they when they are so discontented?"

And the very next day they started complaining again. The yellow chickens wanted to be black, the black chickens wanted to be yellow. Poor, poor Mrs. Fluffy felt very, very sad indeed. "Oh, dear, dear," she sighed, "What should I not give to have contented children!"



MRS. DUCK

WHEN the chickens were about ten days old, Mrs. Fluffy decided she would take them for a walk and show them the world. "Maybe when they see how beautiful the world is they will be more contented," she thought.

She took them to the brook.

Mrs. Duck and her children were all swimming about in the brook.

The little black chicken and the five yellow chickens stared in surprise. Such a wonderful, wonderful sight! Then,

"Oh! Oh!" called out every one of the yellow chickens and the black chicken, "I want to be a duck! I don't want to be a chicken! I want to swim in the

(Please turn to Page 12.)

A LONELY NEIGHBOR

THE little girl that lives next door
Is just about as old as me;
But she has no one else at all,
And I'm the middle one of three
We think it must be lonely for
The little girl who lives next door.

She wears a kind of party frock,
With lace upon it, all day long!
She never jumps, she never romps,
Never says 'howdy' or 's'long'.
It must be dreadful to be dressed
For ever in one's very best. —Waif

SIX LITTLE CHICKENS

(Continued from Page 11.)

water," and they began to make little cry-peeps.

"Children! Children!" scolded Mrs. Fluffy, "It is foolish and wrong to want to be what you are not. Why, oh why have I such discontented children! I love you so that I want you to be happy. But you cannot be happy if you are discontented."

"But I want to be a duck and swim in the water," sobbed all the chickens.

"Nonsense, it wasn't intended that chickens should swim. If it had been, they would have had web-feet—feet with skin stretched between the toes, like ducks and other swimming birds," and she hurried her children away from the brook.

A few days after this the farmer's wife again let Mrs. Fluffy out of the coop.

"Here, Jack," she said to her little boy. "Look after them for a while and do not let them go far from the coop. The chickens are young yet and something might step on them."

"Ah," thought Mrs. Fluffy, "This is my chance to see my old friends up at the barn!"

So she said to her children,

"You stay here near the coop and Jack will look after you till I come back. I shall only be gone a very short time."

* * *

BUT she had only been gone a minute when another boy called to Jack, "Hey, come out to the road! I want to show you something." So Jack ran off and forgot all about the chickens.

He had no sooner gone than one of the chickens said, "Let's go down to the brook and see the ducks swim." They found the path and off they hurried.

Sure enough, the ducks were there swimming about.

"I wish I were a duck instead of a chicken," complained all the chickens.

"Let's go to the water and try to be ducks," said one.

So down to the water they hurried. In they went. "Splash! Splash!" went the water. But they had only taken two or three steps from the edge when from back there on the path came the most frightful noise.

A hen was screaming at the top of her voice—screaming and crying and talking all at once. And at the same time running and flying by turns like a crazy thing, and sometimes falling over in fright. Such a commotion as she was making! Her screams could be heard far down the brook.

It was Mrs. Fluffy.

"Oh—h! O—h!" she yelled. "Don't go in! Don't go in the water! You shall be drowned! Oh—oh! Will some one save my children! Oh, please—*please* Mrs. Duck, save them—save them!"

And now her wings, as she flew, were whirling in the air like the wheels of a paddle-boat—she was flying—she was falling over—getting up again. And all the time gasping out just as loudly as she could manage,

"Oh, save my children—save my children!"

But she knew she would never be there in time, herself, to get them out of the water before they drowned.

* * *

MRS. DUCK heard her frantic calls.

"I know how I should feel if they were my children," she thought. So she grabbed one little chicken and put it on the back of one of her own children.

"Keep her there and swim to the shore," she commanded.

She grabbed another chicken. She put it on the back of another young duck.

"Keep her there and swim with her to the shore," she ordered.

She did the same with a third chicken. Then she pulled the other three out of the water and put them on her own back.

So, before the poor half-scared-to-death Mrs. Fluffy reached the brook her six dripping, half-drowned children were all lying on the grass by the edge of the brook.

And Mrs. Fluffy didn't scold them—not then—she was too glad to have them safe. She just comforted them and lovingly pecked at their feathers and blew her own breath into their mouths, until at last they were all able to stand on their feet again.

Such a bedraggled-looking, weak, wobbly family were they as they went slowly back along the path, Mrs. Fluffy in front and the six little chickens trailing behind her. Perhaps Mrs. Fluffy was the weakest of all—weak with fright.

But never, never again were the five little yellow chickens or the one little black chicken discontented—wanting to be what they were not. So, Mrs. Fluffy and her six children became the happiest family in the whole farm-yard.

ANSWERS TO YOUNG PEOPLE'S BIBLE READING

1. Psalm 103:1.
2. Soul means "life". Our souls bless God when we try to live as He would have us live.
3. God's "Name" means His Character; it means God Himself.
4. It means that God will yet deliver all who are ill-treated and oppressed.
5. Psalm 103:13.
6. God's Heavenly servants.
7. Yes, for "angel" means "messenger" and "minister" means "servant".
8. Psalm 103:22.

Northern Messenger

A 16-Page Sunday Magazine
Published Weekly

A Christian Service for the Whole Family of the Sunday School Scholar

INTERDENOMINATIONAL
See further description elsewhere

To Home Addresses

Prepaid—by the Year—

Single Subscriptions ..... 80 cts.
CLUB rates to separate addresses
3 or more at 70 cts. each.
6 or more at 65 cts. each.

REDUCED PREPAID RATES

To Sunday Schools

6 or more to one address at 50c. each.
(or on yearly contract payable quarterly, 13c per quarter.)

ABOUT POSTAGE

Above rates include postage throughout Br. Empire (*except as below*).

EXTRA POSTAGE: For Greater Montreal (city of publication). Australia, and U. S. A. and oversea foreign countries 50 cts. extra for single subscriptions.

For U.S.A. and Philippines 25 cts extra.

S. S. packages to such addresses by arrangement.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS PLEASE NOTE

If the bundle is to be sent to a new address, please state both old and new. The bundle should always go in the name of the official *most permanently interested*, though it may be addressed to him in c/o someone more convenient to S.S. or P.O.

Our Remarkable Introductory Offer

would interest some S. S. friend of yours who may not know what the Messenger is like today. It will be sent on request.

JOHN DOUGALL & SON, Publishers,
P.O. Box 3070, Place d'Armes,
Montreal, Quebec.

Keep your WITS WORKING

RHYMING RIDDLE

My 1st's in bridge. It isn't in stream.
My 2nd's in player. It isn't in team.
My 3rd's in tin. It isn't in lead.
My 4th's in hat. It sn't in head.
My 5th's in twinkle. It isn't in star.
My 6th's in spoil. It isn't in mar.
My 7th's in haste. It isn't in speed.
My 8th's in care. It isn't in heed.
My 9th's in toss. It's also in throw.
My 10th's in come. It isn't in go.
My 11th's in mud. It isn't in clay.
My 12th's in morning. It isn't in day.
My 13th's in bundle. It isn't in pack.
My 14th's in want. It isn't in lack.
My 15th's in every. It isn't in both.
My 16th's in lazy. It isn't in sloth.
My 17th's in eel. It isn't in fish.
My 18th's in plate. It isn't in dish.
My 19th's in happy. It isn't in glad.
My 20th's in boy. It isn't in lad.
My 21st's in fry. It isn't in cook.
My 22nd's in glance. It isn't in look.
My 23rd's in sea. It isn't in tide.
My 24th's in flat. It isn't in wide.
My 25th's in tiger. It isn't in bear.
My 26th's in torn. It isn't in tear.
My 27th's in grand. It isn't in high.
My 28th's in strive. It isn't in try.
When the letters are ranked in order along,
They will tell of something great and strong.
It is dear to you. It is dear to me,
It is spread o'er the lands. It is spread o'er the sea.

JUMBLED COUNTRIES

1. ACNIH. 2. NAPAJ. 3. BITET. 4. GOONAMIL. 5. AMIS. 6. ROKAE.

TUMBLED SEAS

1. SETRANHO. 2. TABICL. 3. SACKABLE. 4. TARCIDIA. 3. HOOTKKS. 6. SANAEIHC.

SCRAMBLED CITIES

1. SOWCOM. 2. BINERL. 3. HEDIL. 4. BAKLU. 5. VENAGE. 6. LESSUBR.

FOLLOW THE HUNT

More picturesque than the ordinary "Follow Your Leader" because Leader thinks of himself as an explorer, crosses rivers, climbs hills, tracks wild animals, hides from Indians, etc.

REDUCTION!

Father: "You are going to marry that insignificant little fellow! Why, you used to say you would never marry a man less than six feet high."

Daughter: "Oh, I know. But I decided to take off 20 per cent for cash."

Answers to Last Week's Puzzles

Twisted Rivers—1. Nile. 2 Ganges. 3. Jordan. 4. Yang-tse-kiang. 5. Indus. 6. Euphrates.

Scrambled Countries—1. Arabia. 2. India. 3. Burma. 4. Afghanistan. 5. Persia; 6. Turkey.

Bible Problem—

	Lemuel — Athens	
L	a o d i c e	A
E	g y p	T
M	a n a s s e	H
U	n w i s	E
E	k r o	N
L	y s i a	S

Riddles—1. Snowball. 2. Because it saw the wire fence. 3. Car-nation. 4. Clover. 5. When autumn turns the leaves. 6. The family newspaper comes out red (read). 7. Because it is always in luck.

Gasps and Giggles

A Scotsman was set upon one night by two roughs. He put up a good fight; but was finally overcome and his pockets were picked. However, all the thieves got was sixpence, and they were thoroughly disgusted.

"Bill," exclaimed one, "it's a good job he didn't have a shilling, else he would have killed us!"

Mother (who has a guest at dinner): "Betty, don't talk with your mouth full."

Betty: "But, mummy, what am I to do? When I talk with my mouth empty, you always say, 'Betty, go on with your dinner.'"

"I shall not marry," said a conceited young man, "until I find a woman exactly opposite to myself."

"Well," replied his sister, "you know plenty of amiable, intelligent girls!"

"Mother! These new trousers you bought me are tighter than my skin!"

"Nonsense. They couldn't be!"

"Yes, they are! I can sit down in my skin, but *not in these trousers.*"

Schoolmaster: Can any boy give me a definition of righteous indignation?

Small Boy: Please, sir, being angry without swearing.

"FOR THE HONOR OF THE CLAN"

(Continued from Page 2.)

ings. Even if their paths were to diverge, Bruce felt they should not forget they were brothers of the same blood.

About six weeks later Bruce was able to arrange to go home for a short visit. He was anxious to see for himself just how things were with his mother. He fancied he had detected a note of sadness in her letters to him.

As long as the home was hers, he felt free to go, although it was a matter of pride with him to fill his empty suit case with things from the town of Hammond which he thought his mother would be glad to have. He had no intention of giving Dud a chance to say that he was sponging on them now that he was no longer a member of the home circle and giving some aid around the place—besides Bruce wanted to give his mother pleasure.

* * *

BRUCE was startled to see how his mother had changed in the comparatively short time that he had been away. She was pale and thin and manifested a nervousness which distressed him. It was some little time before he managed to get her to talk freely, and then it was as he had suspected—she was worried about Dudley.

"He doesn't seem like himself any more," she admitted at last. "Much of the time he is moody and irritable as though something were troubling him. Then again there are times when he almost frightens me because he is so grasping for everything that comes within reach. I can't understand it, Bruce, except that he has deliberately turned his face against the better things of life and his heart seems to be growing cold and hard and flinty."

"But Mother,"—and Bruce almost hesitated to go on, "he surely doesn't try to get the little you have away from you, does he?"

(To Be Continued.)

Radio Announcer—"Ladies and gentlemen, this half-hour of silence comes to you with the compliments of the Machington Company, makers of silent typewriters."

A teacher was explaining to his class that "—ous" at the end of a word meant "full of," and he gave as an example joyous, which, he explained, meant full of joy.

"Now, boys," he said, "give me another example."

Up went a small hand. "Please, sir, pious."

ARTISTS' SUPPLIES

A Complete Range Of Brushes, Colors, Paper, Canvas Pastels for general Artists' use. Send for Catalogue. ART EMPORIUM LTD., 1429 McGill College Ave., Montreal.

RED CABBAGE SALAD

Cook one shredded red cabbage until tender, but not soft. Chill. When ready to serve, mix slightly with French dressing. On each plate arrange a rim of lettuce leaves or inside green cabbage leaves. Shape the red cabbages into rings to resemble nests. Into each nest place three balls of cream cheese rolled in chopped parsley.

PINEAPPLE JELLIED SALAD

6 small sweet pickles, sliced thin, 1-2 can of sliced pineapple, 1 package of lemon jelly powder, 12 blanched almonds. Method: Add lemon jelly to 1 pint (2 cups) boiling water. When this cools and commences to thicken, add other ingredients. Pour into a mold or individual molds and put in ice box. When stiff and chilled serve on lettuce leaves with mayonnaise dressing.

PLAIN POTATO SALAD

While the potatoes are still warm add to three cups of boiled or steamed potatoes, diced, a tablespoon of grated onion or minced chives, same of minced parsley and enough French dressing to make it stick altogether. Then add a fine chopped egg, salt and pepper to taste, chill it, and serve with lettuce or cress trimming. Mayonnaise or boiled dressing may also be served with it if desired.

CASEMENTS AND ARCHES

(Contributed)

CASEMENTS and arches
Look out on the world;
On highways of commerce
And banners unfurled.
On ocean and meadow
And bitter and sweet;
Expanse of the plain
And confines of the street.

Eyes are like windows
Through which may be seen
Meadows of labor
Deep-flowing and green.
Sunlight of laughter
And gloom of despair,
And hills of ambition
Triumphantly fair.

Oh, may your windows
Shine bright with the sun,
Reflecting the beauty
Of services done!
Panes crystal and golden
Oped wide to the plain,
Where achievement shines brighter
Than harvested grain.

—R. H. Grenville.

GAMES FOR YOUR AUTO TRIP

LOIE BRANDOM

THEY had been on the road about a couple of hours when Betty and Billy began to show signs of restlessness.

"Wish we'd stayed at home," Billy remarked ominously.

"We'd be playin' games if we had stayed at home," Betty answered, following her twin brother's lead, as usual.

The faces of the other children immediately became gloomy.

Mother smiled and remarked brightly, "I've been thinking!"

"What?" demanded Betty; and all the children were at once wide awake with interest. For when Mother said, "I've been thinking!" something nice was sure to happen.

"I've been thinking that games do not have to be played in any special places," Mother continued. "We can play just as nice games right here in the car as anywhere else, only they will not be quite the same kind of games."

"What kind of games will they be? Of course we can't play running and jumping games," Billy reasoned.

"Oh, no!" Mother laughed. "But we have a chance to think up some new ones that we do not play at home. Now take this one for instance"; and she opened her pocket book and handed each of the children a Lincoln-head penny. "Now see who can be the first to find the answers to the questions I shall ask. While Uncle Ned is driving, Daddy, you act as scorekeeper and judge for us, please. Is everyone ready? All right! Here is the first question: Can you find the name of a song?"

"America," answered Betty promptly. "We sing it in school."

"That is fine," praised Mother, "now here is the next one." And a whole hour flew by while they were hunting the answers to the following:

A foreign fruit ..... Date
Something that grows on a stalk of corn ..... Ear
A small wild animal ..... Hare (hair)
A spring flower ..... Tulips (two lips)
A Chinese beverage ..... Tea (T)
Something a potato has ..... Eye
A messenger ..... One sent (one cent)
Where ships travel ..... Sea (C)
A famous statue ..... Liberty
A number ..... One

A large cookie was the prize awarded the winner of this game, while smaller cookies were given as "boobie" prizes to the other players.

Color-color was the name of the next game played. The child making the lowest score in the first game was allowed to start the next. He asked all the other players to hide their eyes so that he could look around and choose the colors of some object they could all see without moving from their seats.

"Green and gold," he announced promptly.

They all looked and looked but it was several minutes before Sue noticed the gold ring with the green stone that Mother was wearing. It was then Sue's turn to choose the colors of the next object to be guessed. As honors were about evenly divided in this game, no awards were made.

When they stopped for lunch, Daddy took square pieces of paper and made each of them a pinwheel which he fastened to short lengths of cardboard. When they were again on the road they could hold these in the breeze and watch them spin.

In the afternoon they played the game *pack-up*. Betty started the game by saying, "I packed my trunk and in it I put an artist's album." Billy was next and he said, "I packed my trunk and in it I put an artist's album and a bag of beans." The game progressed in this manner, each one putting in, according to alphabetical order, the oddest things of which he could think, and remembering and repeating also, each time, everything that had gone into the trunk before.

After this game, Mother handed each one an apple and before they ate them, each child guessed how many seeds there would be in his apple. They saved each seed, and then at the end each checked the whole number of seeds found in his apple with the number he had guessed.

As the journey ended, all agreed it had been a very short and pleasant day.

(Issued by the National Kindergarten Association 8 West 40th St. New York City, U.S.A.)

Mixed Diet

Irate Ex-Explorer (to tramp): "How dare you ask me for money for food! Why, when I was in the Arctic, I used to eat candles and blubber."

Tramp: "I could do that, too, guv'nor; but I'm too hungry to blubber."

Northern Messenger

MONTREAL, AUGUST 23, 1940.

THAT DEADLY APATHY

"THIS time of Empire crisis calls on all Canadians to shake off apathy." So declares Mr. Justice Riddell in his message to Canadians in war time. He suggests that apathy and inertia are a disease due to lack of vitamins. It is a disease. One does not expect much of a half-starved horse or human. But starvation of soul produces the most tragic type of apathy. A person lacking bodily nourishment may have spirit that puts to shame some overfed, clam-like creature.

God did endow man with a strong right arm and did intend him to use it in self defence and the preservation of his kind. He provided even the least of His creatures with some weapon or shield for self preservation. But back of the strong right arm he endows man with something of His own Spirit and says to him in effect: The physical strength I have given you is as nothing except as it is directed by my Spirit.

* * *

Behold the millions of men and billions of dollars mobilized for war! What would we think of such a conglomeration if there was no Commander-in-Chief to direct such forces? "The height of folly!" would be everyone's answer. Even given such a commander there might be division of opinion as to his purposes and plans, resulting in the proverbial "house divided against itself." So in the face of the challenge of anti-Christ, the modern Goliath, and Britain's need for unity of purpose and action, Britain's Foreign Secretary says:

> "There is one thing we can all do, soldiers, sailors, airmen and civilians, men, women and children, all together which may be much more powerful than we know. And this is to pray. — Prayer is not only asking God for what we want, but rather the way to trust Him, to ask that we may know His will that we may do it with all our strength."

And the President of the United States has set Sunday, September 8 as a National Day of Prayer. And the Archbishops of Canterbury and York with other religious leaders in Britain have asked the people to spend a few moments in prayer every day at noon till the evil spirit in Europe and the world has been overcome. And at high noon King and Commoner, factory workers and managers, soldiers, sailors, airmen, Protestants, Catholics, Jews turn to God in recognition that this is His world and ask Him for guidance and strength to make it so.

* * *

By prayer man opens his locked doors to the Spirit of God and God floods in, a great enlightening, inspiring, energizing flame. Gone then is apathy and inertia. Perfunctory prayer is not true prayer. Vain repetitions and self-centered petitions are not prayer. They do not open the door of one's heart to God's Spirit. Is it any wonder such prayers are not answered? We must learn from God how to cast out ostrich-like apathy and inertia on one hand, and on the other how to cast out Hitlerism—pride of power, prejudice, dishonesty, greed, lust, hate and fear—from our own and our nation's life that we may the better know how to rid Europe of its evil Spirit.

* * *

If one is apathetic and inert in these terrible times, and is properly ashamed of it, let him look to his diet. But still more let him ask God what He would have him be and do. The truth is, man needs a dictator. His choice today is between God—and Hitler. Choose ye this day whom ye will serve.

The human dictator forces the people into unity by bribery, treachery, deceit and frightfulness. Like Nebuchadnezzar's image such unity walks on feet of clay. And such an image will surely crash so soon as it meets with an army unified by the invincible Spirit of God. Are our nation, our Empire, the democracies unified under the banner of the Cross and the prayer "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done on earth as it is done in Heaven?"

Hitler has more cause for fear today than any other man—except and because of those his professed henchmen whose loyalty to him he doubts.

"AFTER THE WAR"

MR. ERNEST BEVIN, Britain's Minister of Labor and National Service, says that the process of supplying war-time labor has revealed that Britain's unemployment problems have been due not to a shortage of jobs, but to the need of giving new skill to semi-skilled labor.

A Canadian Press despatch quotes Mr. Bevin as predicting that

> industrial Britain's face will not be the same after the war because it will be impossible "to fall back into the old inefficiencies in labor management and government."
>
> He said labor will be better disciplined, trained and governed. He added that it had been necessary for the Government departments to throw out many inefficient managements in order to speed up factory production and that it was unlikely that shareholders, made aware of inefficiencies, would ever restore those managements.

Mr. Bevin, speaking for Britain, hopes to turn the War with all its tragedy and loss into a stepping stone toward a juster and happier world.

That is the only brave thing to do with all losses, all misfortunes, all handicaps. Tuning in with Longfellow:

Standing on what too long we bore
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes
We may discern,—unseen before—
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable Past,
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,
If, rising on its wrecks, at last
To something nobler we attain.

There are two ways of meeting difficulties, one is by giving in to them. The other is by mastering them and by harnessing them to our use. That is the way the aviator uses the air currents.

Mr. Bevin has already done something like this in his own life. Born

in humble circumstances, left an orphan at eight and going to work at ten, doing odd jobs, knowing poverty and unemployment at first hand, overcoming difficulties by sheer courage and determination, he became leader of the Unemployed Council, a dominant figure in Trades Unionism, spending long hours in the study of parliamentary blue books and economics. Now he is called to one of the most responsible posts in the nation.

Mr. Bevin has thrown all his energy for the present into the tremendous task of winning the war, but he looks beyond the war to the tasks of reconsrtuction and peace.

War, even righteous war, is a destroyer. The question is what sort of a world we are going to build when the guns cease firing and the armies are disbanded. War calls for discipline, courage, self-sacrifice, vision. These qualities will be every bit as necessary in the tasks of reconstruction. "In time of war we must prepare for peace."

YOUR PART AND MINE

THE beginning of all preparation for a better world is self discipline, a constant "toeing the line" of the ideal, a constant obedience to the voice of God in our lives. Without that our professed faith in a better tomorrow is obviously insincere.

TOWARDS A UNITED INDIA

THE British Government has promised that as soon as peace is established representatives of the various political parties in India will be called together to devise the framework of a new constitution for that great country.

It is intended that India under this new Constitution will assume its place as one of the self-governing Dominions in the British Commonwealth of Nations. In the meanwhile representatives of the different parties will be invited to join the Governor General's Executive Council, and a War Advisory Committee will be established of all India's life, including the Indian States.

Britain first of all by education has given the people of India the desire for self-government, and for many years back has been answering that desire by giving them increasingly wide measures of "Home Rule."

There have been and there still are, great difficulties in the way. A very large proportion of the people are illiterate and could not understand the meaning of the franchise.

Then there is the problem of "minorities." By far the greater part of the people are Hindus, but there are many Mohammedans, besides Christians, Sikhs and others. Measures must be taken so that these minorities are properly treated under the new regime.

Scattered through India are States, under native rulers. Some of these States have popular education and democratic constitutions, others are much as they were a hundred years ago. Means must be found to fit these States into a Federal scheme of self-government. Britain seeks to make "the bounds of freedom wider yet."

It might be more satisfying to both parties if they agreed on Uncle Sam as the referee, or even guarantor of Britain's pledges, and he accepted that function. It is time the United States should take a grown-up place in the world family of nations. Uncle Sam may want Britannia to act as referee at some other time. It is increasingly obvious that each nation is dependent on the welfare of all.

THE NEW CRUSADE

(To the Allies and all who are working to win the war)

I don't suppose your effigy in marble or in stone
With legs across to tell the world the work that you have done
Will be enshrined in churches, like the knights who gave their aid
To save the Holy Sepulchre in Europe's first Crusade.

But a tocsin bids you waken; you hardly knew you slept.
You thought our precious heritage was being safely kept,
So lately had your Fathers died, to make a better world
O'er which the flag of freedom once for all had been unfurled.

But an infidel more subtle than the Saracen of old,
Is plotting to destroy this glorious treasure that we hold,
And once again you face him, with courage undismayed
Fighting for Faith and Hope and Love, Knights of the New Crusade!

—E. H. Coles in Montreal Star.

(The effigies of the old Crusaders were made with their legs crossed to show that they had been to Palestine to save the Cross.)

"It is definitely settled that alcohol is a poison; a poison destructive of human energy and, for this reason, of society as a whole."—M. Georges Clemenceau.

The Spy's Delight

"A DAILY Herald Reporter" contributed the following news item to his paper from "Somewhere in Berkshire."

"If I had been a spy I would have earned Hitler's best thanks 'for services rendered' today.

"Without trying to cross-question, I learned military secrets in a Berkshire town which would be most useful to the enemy.

"It was easy. I merely went into public-houses and an hotel, bought beer and listened. Out of the mouths of officers and men in the public-houses came information which, linked together, would have told a spy lots of things he wanted to know.

"These are some of the facts I learned:

"The number of thousands of men stationed in a certain area;

"Number of companies of men who attended church parade at a certain centre today;

"Names of two ports from which troops were embarking from this area for France;

"How many tanks and lorries were congregated in this district.

"Complaints have been made in London that an enemy agent could get valuable information by touring West End Clubs and listening to conversation. But it is a small town like this that would be a spy's delight. Tongues are loosened daily to spread knowledge of how many men are stationed in the area, how many are already in France, and how many local houses have been commandeered for officers and men.

An advertisement points out that the pub brings out the wisdom of a man because he can talk at ease there and has a friendly audience, and that beer is to be found there and that beer puts people into a cheerful mood. The advertisement ends "Come to the pub tonight and talk things over a glass of beer."

It is difficult to conceive a worse form of subversive propaganda than this. It is not that the advertisement is untrue. As a commentator in the *Spectator* for May says: "this is the drink trade's contribution to public security. Come to the pub—in Naval ports as much as anywhere else; get your tongue well loosened and talk things over with the local Quislings." A trade which encourages this kind of thing reveals itself as the enemy within the gate.

Further, this country is relying for its security upon the steadiness and restraints of the members of its armed forces. One, however, has only to read the daily newspapers to discover examples of the way in which drink undermines character and morale.—Everybody's Weekly.